

AMERICAN  
COMICS GROUP  
**ACG**

A 52 PAGE MAGAZINE

AMERICAN  
COMICS GROUP  
**ACG**

# BLAZING WEST

10¢

No 9  
JAN.-FEB.







WEB COMIC  
UNIVERSE.COM



TAKE A BACK SEAT, FRANKIE!  
RELAX, VAN!

Something  
new has been  
added!

MAKE WAY FOR "COOKIE!"

HERE Y'ARE, FOLKS!  
THE FASTEST, FUNNIEST  
TEEN-AGE COMIC BOOK  
EVER PUBLISHED! IT'S  
"COOKIE!"

HUBBA-  
HUBBA!

For laughs-- shrieks--  
roars-- For a groovy,  
ribtickling magazine  
you'll Love-- read

"COOKIE!" 10¢  
on all stands



# Injun Jones

MEBBE I SHOULD'VE STAYED AT THE APACHE CAMP, VICKIE! THE MEDICINE MEN ARE PREDICTIN' A HEAD O' TROUBLE AHEAD... AN' I'VE GOT A NOTION THAR **WILL** BE!

OH, INJUN... **LOOK!**

ISN'T THAT EAGLE BEAUTIFUL?

THE HISTORY OF THE WEST WAS FORGED IN THE MIDST OF FLYING BULLETS AND POUNDING HOOVES, DESPERATE BATTLES AND DEADLY INTRIGUE! AND WHEN **INJUN JONES** LED HIS APACHES ON THE WARPATH... IN A RACE TO SAVE THE LIFE OF THE GREATEST INDIAN EVER BORN IN THE AMERICAS... HE FOUND HIMSELF IN THE HEART OF ONE OF HISTORY'S MOST DRAMATIC STRUGGLES!

**WITH ITS TALONS BARED IN A WHIZZING SWOOP...**

SEE THE WAY HE'S NAILIN' THAT SIDEWINDIN' RATTLER? THAT'S WHAT I LIKE ABOUT EAGLES!

**FOR AN INSTANT, THE EAGLE PERCHES ON A CACTUS... THE FANGED KILLER WRITHING IN ITS BEAK...**

Then... HEAVENS... SOMEONE FIRED AT IT!

I CAN'T FIGGER WHO'D BE LOCO ENOUGH TUH CHUCK LEAD AT AN EAGLE... BUT I AIM TUH FIND OUT!

**BANG!**

1-ZZZIP!

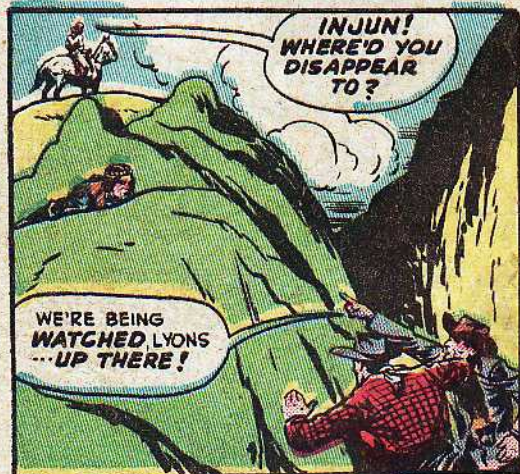


AS INJUN STALKS SILENTLY TOWARD A NEARBY GULLY...

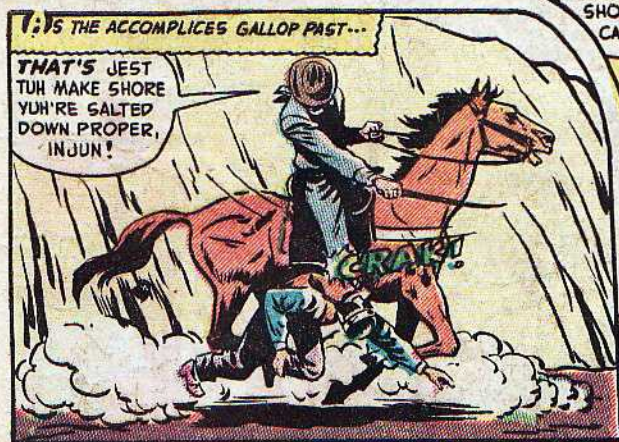
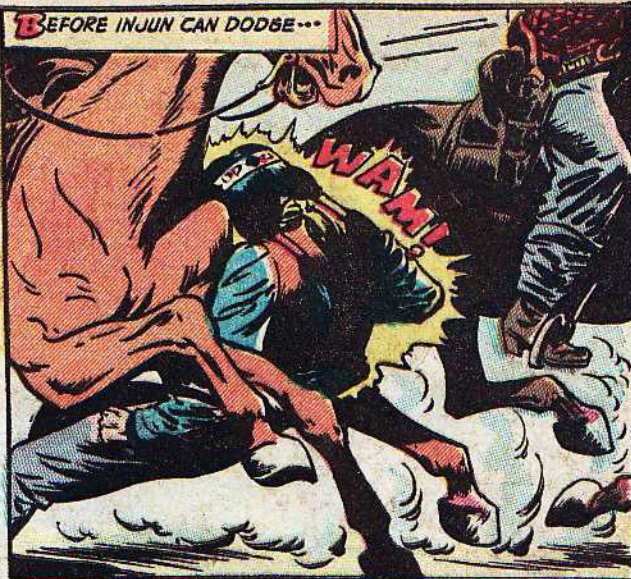
YUH DIM-WITTED  
GALOOT...S'POSE  
SOMEONE HEARD  
THAT SHOT?

SORRY, LYONS!  
THAT EAGLE WAS  
THE SYMBOL OF  
SOMETHING I HATE  
INTENSELY...AND I  
FORGOT MYSELF  
FOR A MOMENT!

CHILI LYONS! THAR'S A FREEBOOTIN'  
OUTLAW WHO'D PLUG HIS OWN PARDNER  
IF YUH PAID HIM TUH DO IT! MEBBE I  
KIN GIT A SLANT ON WHAT HE'S UP TUH!











CRIMPIN' COYOTES  
---THAT'S **JUST**  
HOW THE EAGLE  
LOOKED WHEN  
IT WAS FIRED AT,  
SHERIFF!

THAT'S A MEXICAN COIN, INJUN---AN'  
THE EAGLE AN' SNAKE ARE THE EMBLEM  
O' THE REPUBLIC DOWN THAR! ACCORD-  
IN' TUH WHAT I HEARD, A PASSEL O'  
FOREIGN TROOPS **INVADED** MEXICO  
---SETTIN' UP SOME KIND O' KING---  
AN' FORCIN' **PRESIDENT**  
**JUAREZ** TUH SKEEDADDLE  
IN A TWO-HOSS COACH! RECKON  
HIS LIFE WON'T BE WORTH A SNAP  
IF THEM ROYALIST VARMINTS  
FIND HIM!

NOW I  
SEE WHAT  
IT'S ALL  
ABOUT,  
INJUN!



THAT  
MAN WITH  
LYONS MUST  
HAVE FIRED AT THE  
EAGLE BECAUSE TO  
**HIM** IT REPRESENTED  
THE **MEXICAN**  
**REPUBLIC!** HE  
**COULD** BE A  
ROYALIST AGENT  
ASSIGNED TO HUNT  
DOWN JUAREZ---  
BUT WHY WOULD HE  
JOIN FORCES WITH  
A RUTHLESS OUTLAW  
LIKE LYONS?

MEBBE HE'LL BE  
ASKIN' **HIM-**  
**SELF** JUST  
THAT QUESTION,  
VICKIE---WHEN  
HE WINDS UP  
BEHIND BARS!  
I AIM TUH DO A  
MITE O' HUNTIN'  
DOWN  
**MUHSELF!**



WE'VE BEEN LOOKIN'  
FER YUH, INJUN! THAR'S  
A HOMBRE NAMED  
MARTINEZ STOPPIN' AT  
CACTUS JOE'S---SPREADIN'  
THE NEWS THAT HE'S GOT WORK  
FER A TOP-NOTCH SCOUT AN'  
TRACKER! WE FIGGERED YUH  
MIGHT WANT  
THE JOB!

I'M GOIN' TUH BE  
PURTY BUSY, MUH-  
SELF---BUT MEBBE I  
KIN GIT ONE O' RED  
CLOUD'S APACHES FER  
THIS WADDY---DEPENDIN'  
ON WHAT HE'S UP TUH!  
RECKON I'LL DROP BY  
AT CACTUS JOE'S AN'  
FIND OUT!



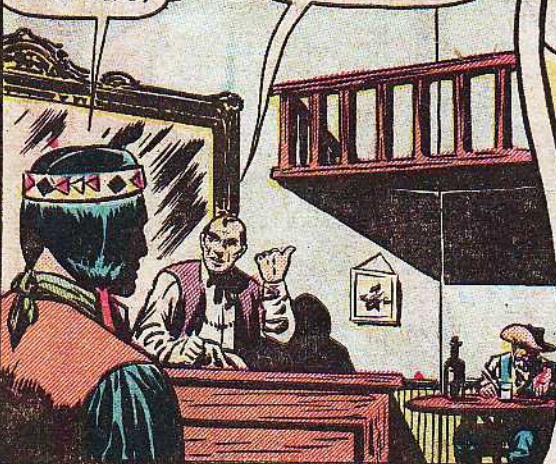
**MINUTES LATER---**

**INJUN JONES!** LYONS  
WARNED ME NOT TO RISK  
RETURNING TO TOWN TO  
PICK UP MY GEAR, AFTER  
THAT RUN-IN---AND I  
SHOULD HAVE LISTENED!



HOWDY, CACTUS!  
YUH GOT A WADDY  
NAMED MARTINEZ  
BUNKIN' HERE?

SHORE HAVE, INJUN---  
FIRST DOOR AT THE  
HEAD O' THE STAIRS!



*Then---UNAWARE OF A WAITING TRAP---*

**STEP IN,  
PARDNER!**

**KNOCK-  
KNOCK!**





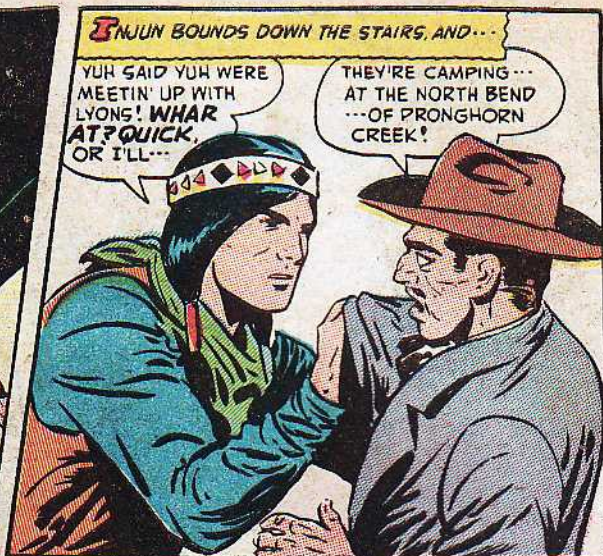






TARNATION... **THAR**  
WAS A MIGHTY  
CLOSE SHAVE!

**CRASH!**



**INJUN** BOUNDS DOWN THE STAIRS, AND...

YUH SAID YUH WERE  
MEETIN' UP WITH  
LYONS! **WHAR**  
**AT? QUICK,**  
OR I'LL...

THEY'RE CAMPING...  
AT THE NORTH BEND  
...OF PRONGHORN  
CREEK!



**INJUN!** I  
**KNEW** ALL  
THAT NOISE  
MEANT  
TROUBLE!

YEP...AN' I  
KNEW INJUN  
JONES COULD  
HANDLE IT!



RECKON  
YUH'RE RARIN' TUH  
RIDE HERD ON LYONS  
AN' HIS VARMINTS,  
INJUN! **YUH'RE** THE  
ONE THEY TANGLED  
WITH...AN' I'M GIVIN'  
YUH A CLEAR TRACK  
IN ROUNDIN' 'EM UP!

I WON'T  
BE GONE  
LONG, VICKIE  
...SPECIALLY  
IF I KNOW  
**YUH'RE**  
WAITIN'  
FER ME  
TUH GIT  
BACK!



I DON'T HAVE ANY TRUCK WITH  
POLITICS, NOHOW... BUT IF LYONS  
IS MIXED UP IN THAT MEXICAN  
RUCKUS ON THE ROYALIST  
SIDE...RECKON I'M ON THE  
SIDE O' **PRESIDENT**  
**JUAREZ!**

**AS** NIGHTFALL SETTLES OVER  
PRONGHORN CREEK...

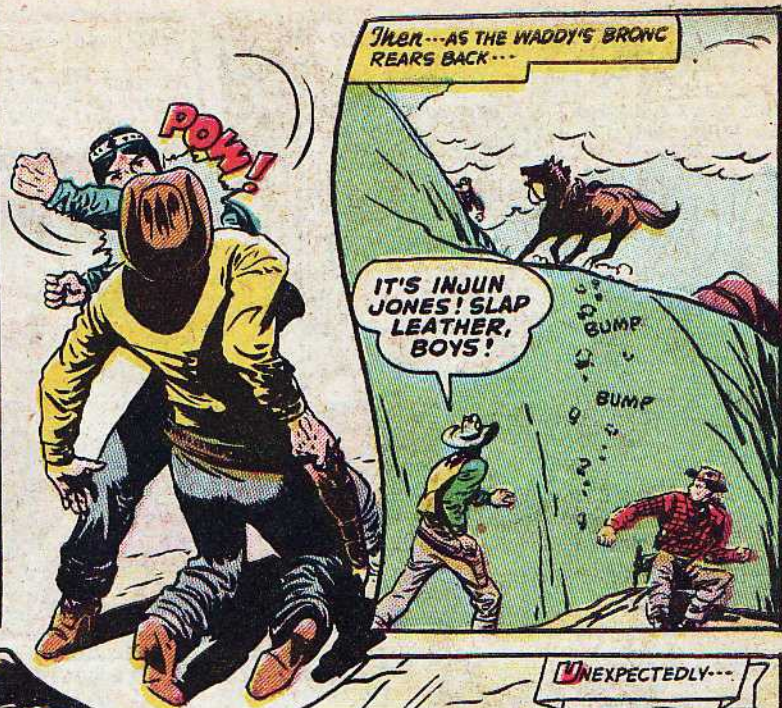
LYONS HAS A HEAP MORE  
WADDIES THAN I RECKONED!  
A PASSEL O' BUZZARDS  
**THIS** BIG SHORE LOOKS  
LIKE TROUBLE BREWIN'!



**SUDDENLY...**

MUST BE A MESSENGER  
FER LYONS...AN' HE'LL  
HAVE ME SPOTTED  
ANY SECOND!







THE EMPEROR O' MEXICO IS OFFERIN' A \$50,000 REWARD FER JUAREZ, DEAD OR ALIVE... AN' I DON'T HANKER TUH SHARE IT WITH MARTINEZ AN' THAT SCOUT HE'S FIXIN' TUH HIRE! WE'LL RIDE DOWN TUH MESA ROJA **WITHOUT** MARTINEZ... AMBUSH JUAREZ AN' HIS BODYGUARD... AN' COLLECT!

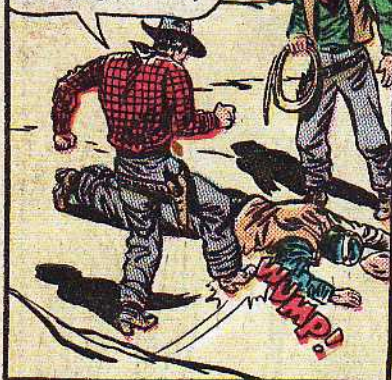
RECKON IT'S A SLICK WAY TUH PICK UP \$50,000, LYONS... BUT I DON'T LIKE THE IDEE O' GITTIN' IT OUTO' JUAREZ'S HIDE! FROM WHAT I HEAR... HE'S THE **ABE LINCOLN O' MEXICO!**



FER \$50,000... I WOULDN'T CARE IF HE **WAS** LINCOLN! BESIDES... DO YUH KNOW WHAT MARTINEZ TOLD ME ABOUT JUAREZ? HE'S JEST A **REDSKIN**... AN **INJUN** FROM THE SOUTH O' MEXICO! AN' THAT REMINDS ME O' **INJUN JONES** HERE...!



MEBBE YUH HEARD WHAT WE'RE UP TUH, INJUN... BUT YUH'RE NOT SPREADIN' THE NEWS ANY FUTHER THAN THE BOTTOM O' PRONGHORN CRICK! HAWG-TIE THIS VARMINT, ANDY... AN' THE REST O' YUH... **GIT MOUNTED!**



**Then... WITH A LARGE ROCK LASHED TO INJUN'S BODY...**



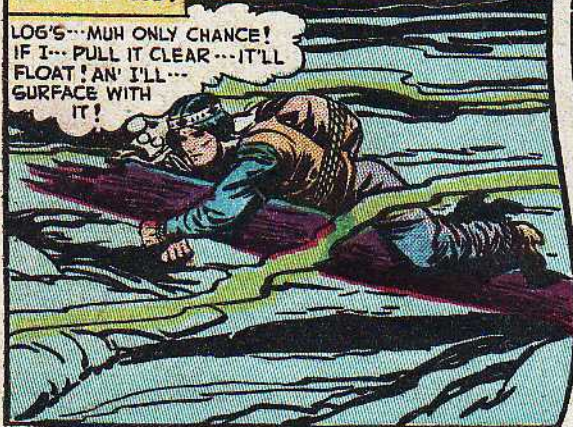
**AFTER A MOMENT'S WAIT...**

I KIN JEST HEAR THEM APACHES THUMPIN' THEIR DRUMS... WONDERIN' WHAT HAPPENED TUH INJUN JONES? WITH **HIM** OUT O' THE WAY, WE'LL HAVE A CLEAR TRACK FER OTHER JOBS... AFTER WE GIT BACK WITH THE REWARD MONEY!



**BUT A WARRIOR'S TRAINING HAS TAUGHT INJUN TO KEEP HIS HEAD... EVEN IN THE FACE OF DEATH! STRUGGLING FIFTEEN FEET DOWN... HE LANDS ON A JAMMED LOG!**

LOG'S... MUH ONLY CHANCE! IF I... PULL IT CLEAR... IT'LL FLOAT! AN' I'LL... SURFACE WITH IT!



**HIS LUNGS BURSTING FOR AIR... INJUN MAKES A FINAL DESPERATE TUG!**





THE LOG IS WRESTED FREE AND FLOATS TO THE SURFACE! GASPING FOR BREATH AS THE LOG DRIFTS INTO SHALLOW WATER, INJUN JONES STAGGERS ASHORE!

THOSE VARMINTS LEFT A BOTTLE ON THAT ROCK... AND IT'LL COME IN RIGHT HANDY!



CRASH!



WAL... CHILI LYONS MAY NOT THINK I'M SPREADIN' THE NEWS...



... BUT I'VE HEARD ENOUGH ABOUT JUAREZ TUH KNOW HE RATES A HELPIN' HAND... AN' I RECKON RED CLOUD AN' HIS BRAVES WILL FEEL THE SAME WAY!

1/2 HOUR LATER... AT THE APACHE CAMP...

IT IS INJUN JONES, RED CLOUD... RIDING LIKE THE WIND!



ROUSE YOURSELVES, WARRIORS... OUR BROTHER COMES!



WHAT IS THE NEWS INJUN JONES BRINGS TO HIS PEOPLE?

WAR! HERE'S YOKE CHANCE TUH RIDE INTUH MEXICO AFTER THE ORNERIEST PACK O' CRITTERS IN ARIZONA!



THAT'S SOMETHIN' ELSE, APACHES! LYONS IS AFTER JUAREZ, THE GREAT CHIEF O' MEXICO... A GOOD MAN WITH THE BLOOD O' WARRIORS IN HIS VEINS... AN INJUN!

YARRHOO! HIS BLOOD IS OUR BLOOD... HIS ENEMY IS OUR ENEMY!





**LISTEN TO YOUR CHIEF!** FOR YEARS, RED CLOUD HAS FOUGHT AT THE RIGHT HAND OF INJUN JONES! BUT THERE IS A TREATY, WARRIORS... A TREATY SIGNED YEARS AGO, WHEN RED CLOUD WAS YOUNG! **WE CANNOT CROSS INTO THE TERRITORY OF THE MEXICAN TRIBES CARRYING FIREARMS!**

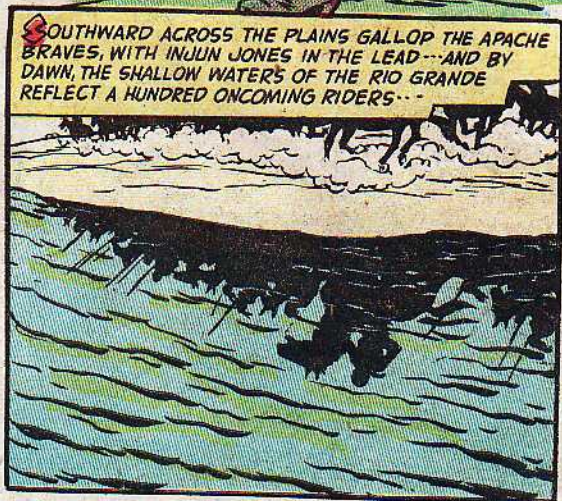
NOTHIN' MEANS MORE TUH **ME** THAN A TRIBAL TREATY! BUT BY JUMPIN' JIMSON---

...AN APACHE KNOWS HOW TUH FIGHT WITH MORE'N FIREARMS!



GIT YORE BOWS AN' LANCES, APACHES...THE TOMAHAWKS YORE FATHERS TOOK TUH BATTLE...AN' LET'S **RIDE!**

**YAAHOO! KI-YI-YI!**



**S**OUTHWARD ACROSS THE PLAINS GALLOP THE APACHE BRAVES, WITH INJUN JONES IN THE LEAD...AND BY DAWN, THE SHALLOW WATERS OF THE RIO GRANDE REFLECT A HUNDRED ONCOMING RIDERS...



**A** HUNDRED FACES BRIGHT WITH WARPAINT...

**YIPEEEEE!**

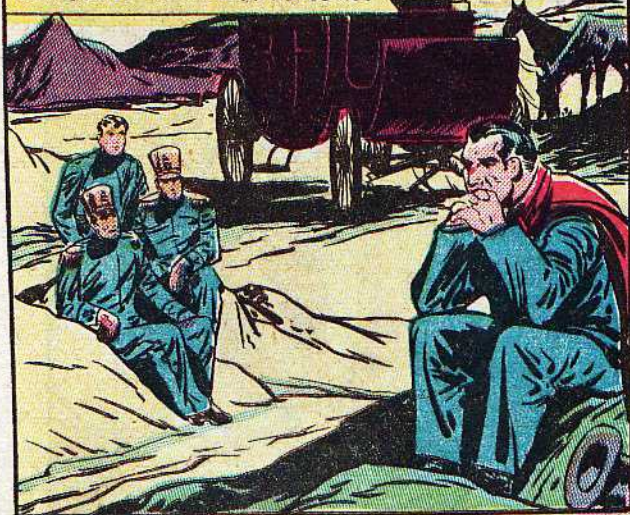


**A** HUNDRED READY BOWS!

LYONS DOESN'T KNOW IT...JUAREZ CAN'T GUESS IT... **BUT WE'RE COMIN'!**



SEVERAL HOURS LATER... A SMALL GROUP OF MEN ARE CAMPED AROUND A DUSTY BLACK COACH... THE LAST OUTPOST OF THE MEXICAN REPUBLIC!



**JUAREZ!** HISTORY HAS NUMBERED HIM AMONG THE GREAT MEN OF AMERICA... BUT NOW HE IS A FUGITIVE... HOUNDED INTO THE DESERT!

FOUR MEN... ALL THAT REMAIN OF THE ARMY I HOPED WOULD SAVE MEXICO FROM THE FOREIGN INVADERS! BUT PERHAPS I HOPED FOR TOO MUCH... BEGINNING WITH THE DAY WHEN A POOR INDIAN BOY NAMED BENITO JUAREZ SWORE HE WOULD ONE DAY BE PRESIDENT OF MEXICO!



**SUDDENLY...**

THE ROYALISTS!  
QUICK... INTO THE COACH!



NO, COMPADRES... THESE ARE BANDITS... AND I WILL SHOW THEM WHAT IT MEANS TO MOLEST THE PRESIDENT OF MEXICO!

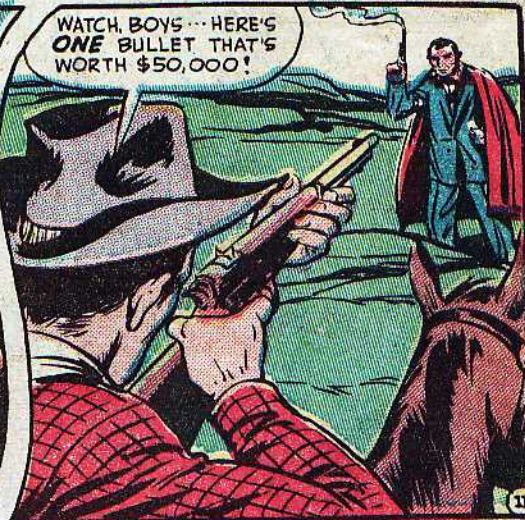


FIVE HUNDRED FEET AWAY...

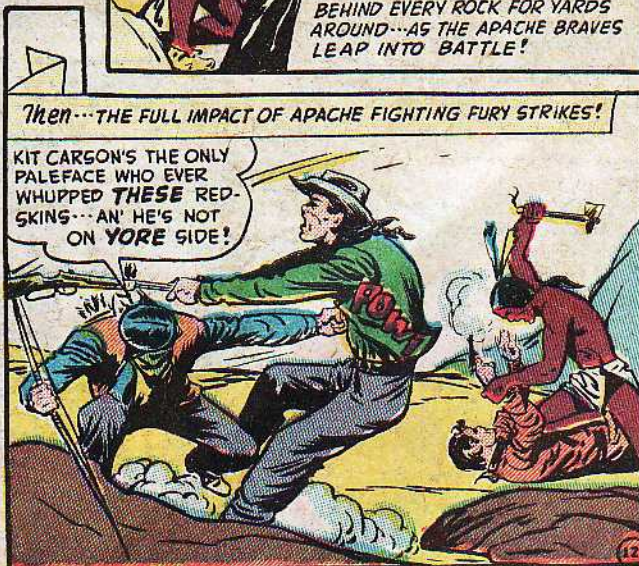
WOULDN'T BE HARD TUH RUSH 'EM... BUT JUAREZ IS THE ONE WITH THE PRICE ON HIS HEAD... AN' HE'S THE ONE I AIM TUH GIT!



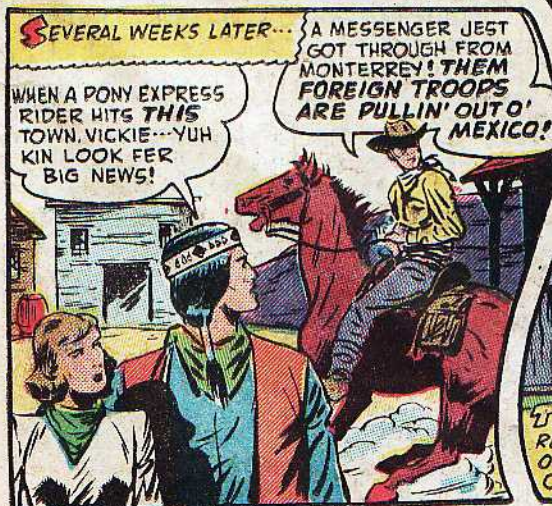
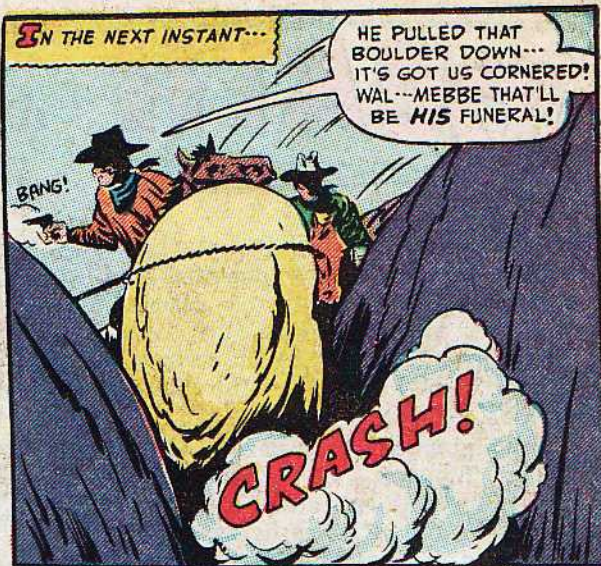
WATCH, BOYS... HERE'S ONE BULLET THAT'S WORTH \$50,000!













# DEATH *on* HOOFS

YOUNG TOM BENTON stared anxiously across the ranchyard at the distant cloud of dust fast descending the trail from the hills. "It must be Rod Foster!" one of the other watchers yelled. "And I bet he caught that crazy stallion, Wildfire!"

Tom glanced shyly across at pretty Mary Wallace, the ranch owner's daughter, and he felt a cold, sinking feeling in his heart as he saw the suppressed excitement with which she was watching the nearing dust-cloud. If only *he* could be as strong and tough as Rod, Tom thought hopelessly—if only *he* could capture the stallion that was the terror of the valley—then maybe Mary would look at *him* with the admiration she showered on Rod. But it was hopeless, Tom knew. No weakling could ever lay a rope on the horse that had already killed four men who had tried to capture him.

"Look!" a cowpuncher shouted. "It's Rod, all right—but he's *alone*!"

And as an angry, disgruntled-looking Rod rode into the ranchyard, Tom couldn't control the surge of elation he felt. "Too bad," Tom called out. "But I guess you're not quite the man you thought you were, Rod!"

Tom recoiled in fright as Rod swung off his horse and strode viciously over to him.

"Why, yuh four-eyed, spindly-legged sissy! That hoss durn near killed me—but at least I got closer tuh him than anyone did before! Why don't yuh go out an' tangle with him yoreself, yuh lily-livered big-mouth?"

A harsh cackle of laughter rose from the watching cow-hands, and Tom felt his face flushing with humiliation as he saw Mary looking at him scornfully. He knew that he was trapped that he'd have to make a pretense of going out after the stallion, or be branded as a coward in her eyes. "All . . . all right," he stammered. "Since everyone else has tried, I might as well go after him, too!"

There was cold fear in the pit of

Tom's stomach as he neared the stallion's favorite grazing grounds. But a quick glance around the area showed no trace of the wild horse. With a sigh of relief, Tom turned to go—at least he could now say he'd *tried*! But a few paces further on, the soft whinny of a horse in pain filled the air, coming from behind some brush. Cautiously, Tom poked his way closer—and suddenly stood still in shocked amazement at the huge white stallion lying tangled in the cruel grip of a barbed wire fence!

"It's *Wildfire*!" Tom whispered. "And that look in his eyes—he's badly hurt! If . . . if I only had a gun, I'd put him out of his misery. But I . . . I can't leave him like *that* . . .!"

Cold dread gripped his heart, but Tom swiftly made his decision. He stole fearfully closer to Wildfire, who began neighing wildly at his approach. With trembling hands, Tom began twisting away the strands of wire, ignoring the pain in his own bleeding hands. Finally, when the last strand was pulled aside, Tom stood up and began running for his life, hoping against hope that the horse was too badly hurt to pursue him. But a moment later, he heard the pounding of hooves behind him and suddenly he knew this was it—*Death On Hooves* was about to claim another victim!

Tom tried a last desperate burst of speed—and tripped over a root! Lying there hopelessly, he closed his eyes, praying that the end wouldn't be too painful, waiting for the crashing impact of hooves against his skull. But instead, wonder of wonders, there was only a soft nuzzling mouth against his cheek! Fearfully sitting up, he stared in amazement at the almost human look of gratitude in the eyes of the no longer wild stallion!

And an hour later, as Tom rode into the ranchyard with the meek stallion in tow, there was *another* look that warmed his heart—but this one was a look of admiration—in the eyes of the girl running towards him!



*-Hi Fellows! The NEW*

# LIONEL TRAINS

**Catalog is Ready**



**SEE THE NEW  
DIESEL LOCOS-  
and the marvelous  
DIESEL SWITCHER**

See Lionel trains at  
your favorite store.

Boy!—I'll bet you and dad are planning a new and bigger LIONEL Railroad for this Christmas! Lots of new LIONEL locos, cars, and accessories to choose from! You know, boys, nobody but LIONEL gives you true railroad realism. The new 1949 catalog tells all about the famous LIONEL smoke puffing locos, the built-in real R.R. whistles, and the sensational Lionel Electronic Railroad. LIONEL Train Sets priced from as little as \$15.95.

**WRITE FOR THE CATALOG TODAY!**

# LIONEL TRAINS

LIONEL TRAINS, P. O. Box 168  
Madison Square Station, New York 10, New York

I enclose 10c. Please send me the new 40-page,  
full-color Lionel Train Catalog for 1949.

Name

Address

City  Zone  State



# SECRETS of the RODEO

**Riding The  
BRAHMA BULL!**

HAVOC ON THE HOOOF...  
THAT'S **THE BRAHMA BULL!**  
HE'S THE MOST DANGEROUS  
ANIMAL IN THE RODEO,  
ALWAYS SEEKING TO **GORE**  
HIS DISMOUNTED RIDER!



SPECTATORS BEAT A HASTY RETREAT...  
BECAUSE THE ENRAGED BRAHMA WILL  
CHARGE **ANYTHING IN SIGHT!**



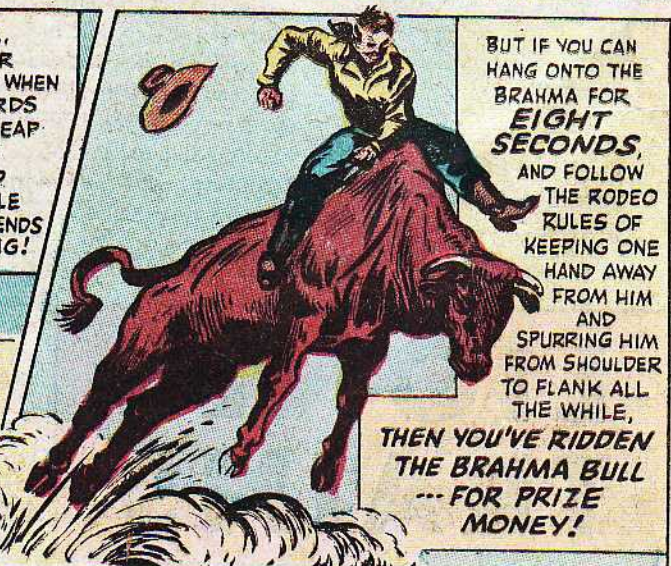
BEFORE YOU START YOUR RIDE,  
MAKE SURE THERE'S A "**CLOWN**"  
NEARBY... BECAUSE IF YOU'RE THROWN,  
THE CLOWN WILL HAVE TO YELL AND  
FLAP HIS HANDS TO DIVERT THE  
BULL FROM GORING  
**YOU!**



IF THE CLOWN DOES HIS JOB WELL,  
HE FREQUENTLY FINDS HIMSELF IN FAR  
MORE DANGER THAN THE RIDER! AND WHEN  
THE WILD BRAHMA THUNDERS TOWARDS  
HIM, THE CLOWN OFTEN HAS TO LEAP  
INTO ONE OF THE BARRELS HE  
USES FOR PROPS... AND  
THEN START PRAYING WHILE  
THE BELLOWING BEAST SENDS  
THE BARREL SPINNING!



BUT IF YOU CAN  
HANG ONTO THE  
BRAHMA FOR  
**EIGHT  
SECONDS,**  
AND FOLLOW  
THE RODEO  
RULES OF  
KEEPING ONE  
HAND AWAY  
FROM HIM  
AND  
SPURRING HIM  
FROM SHOULDER  
TO FLANK ALL  
THE WHILE,



**THEN YOU'VE RIDDEN  
THE BRAHMA BULL  
... FOR PRIZE  
MONEY!**



# Buffalo Belle

THE RED-HOT  
BRANDING IRONS  
OF RUSTLERS...  
FLAMING SUNSETS...  
BLAZING SIX-GUNS...  
AND A FIERY RED-  
HEAD NAMED  
**BUFFALO  
BELLE!**

THAT'S WHAT THE  
CHEROKEE STRIP  
WAS LIKE IN ITS  
HEYDAY, PARDNER...  
WHEN A GIRL  
DEPUTY PACKED A  
SURE CURE FOR  
CUSSEDNESS IN  
HER GUNBELT!

RECKON THAR WON'T BE  
MUCH OF A RUCKUS IN  
TOWN TONIGHT, BELLE!  
THAR'S JEST ENOUGH  
OF A DRIZZLE TUH  
KEEP THE WADDIES  
OFF THE STREET!

FIGGER I'LL TAKE A LOOK  
AROUND **ANYWAY**, LUKE  
...JEST IN CASE SOME-  
ONE'S FIXIN' TUH ACT  
UGLY **INDOORS!**

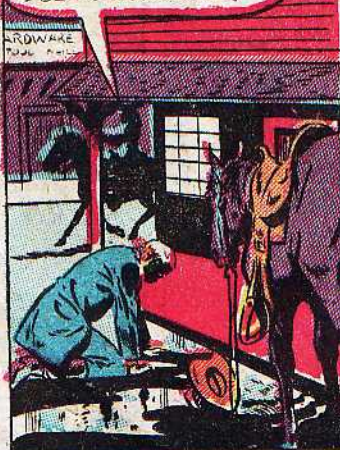


AS BELLE RIDES THROUGH THE  
MISTY TOWN...

WHUP! I WAS GOIN'  
TUH SAY IT'S AS QUIET AS  
A BROODY OWL... BUT MEBBE  
I'M WRONG!



**CRIMPERS**... IT'S JIM  
LESTER, OWNER O' THE  
BENT BAR RANCH! HE'S  
BEEN **PLUGGED!**



FOUND THREE WRANGLERS  
BREAKIN' INTUH THE STORE,  
BELLE! THE SIDE-WINDERS  
DIDN'T GIVE ME A CHANCE  
TUH DRAW!

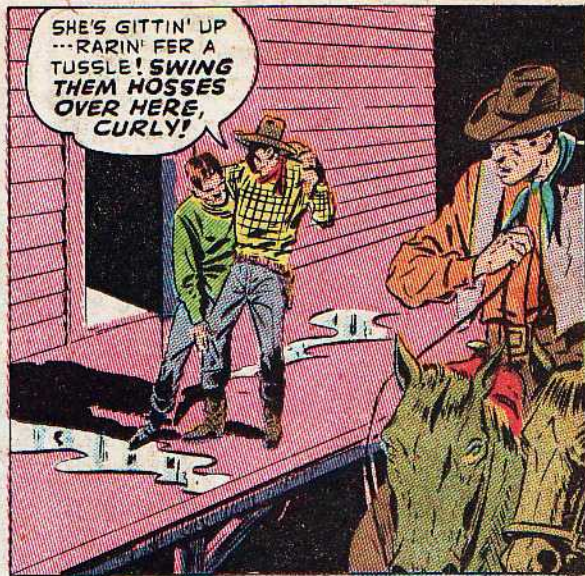
KEEP LOW, JIM...  
I AIM TUH  
RIDE HERD  
ON 'EM!



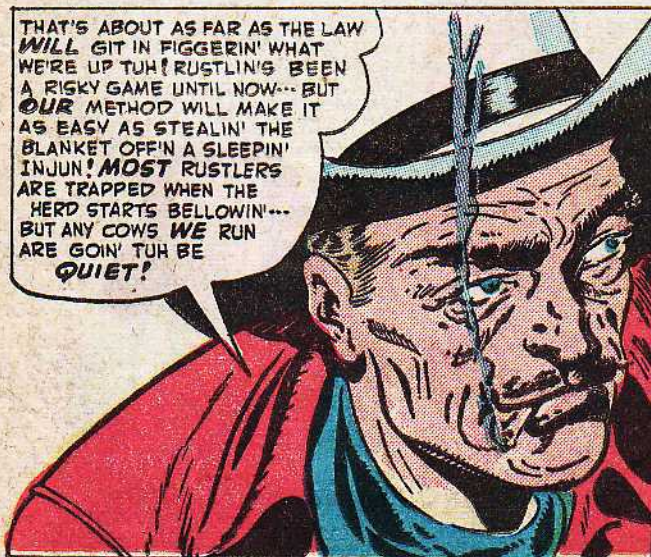
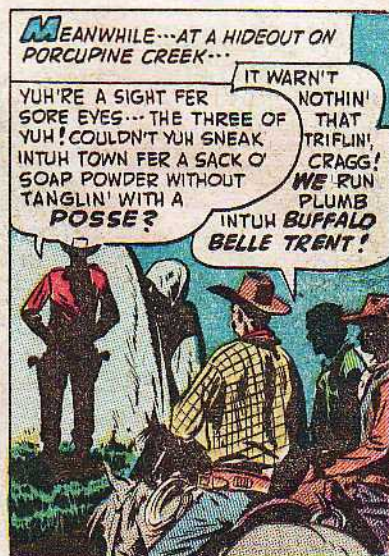




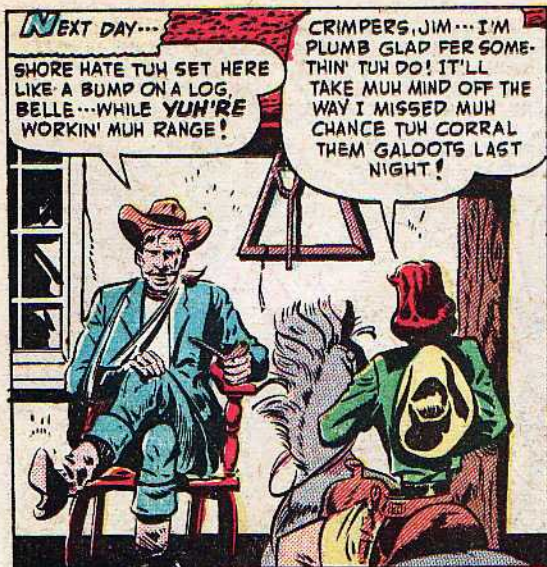




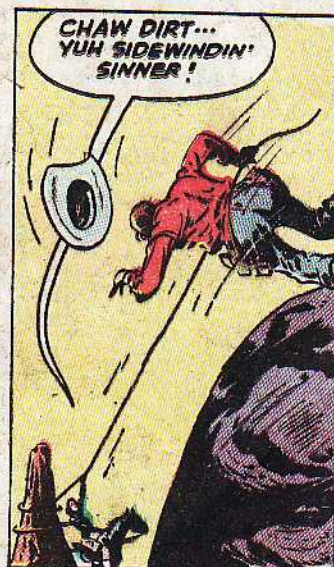
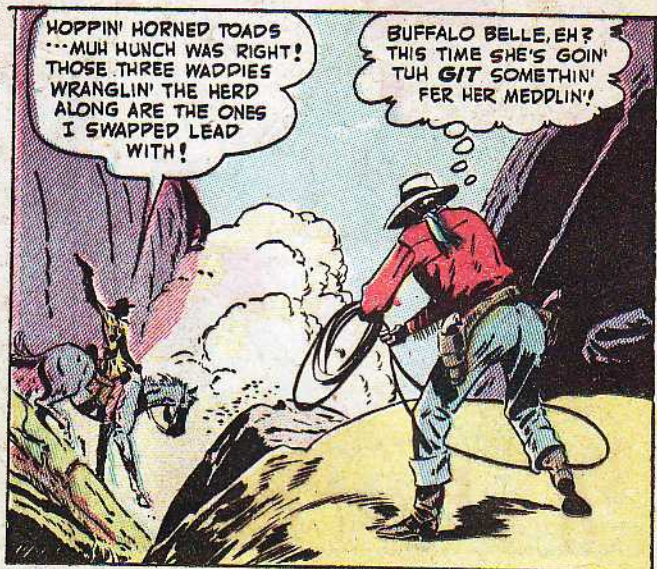














Page 25  
missing.



Page 26  
missing.



Page 27  
missing.

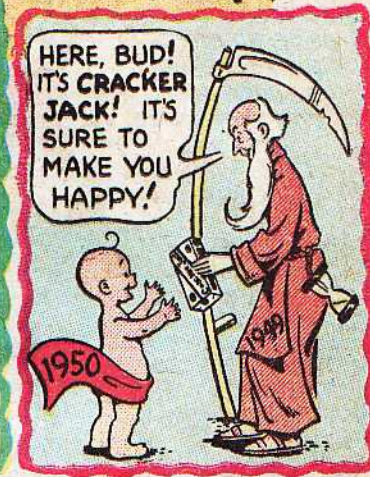


Page 28  
missing.





THERE'S A  
**SURPRISE  
NOVELTY**  
FOR YOU  
IN EVERY PACKAGE!



For recommended reading...



# AMERICAN COMICS GROUP!



ALL BIG  
52  
PAGES



They're the terrific ten...  
**THE GREATEST GROUP**  
of HEADLINE HITS IN HISTORY!



READ THEM ALL  
...REGULARLY...  
Read **AMERICAN!**



# FAMOUS WESTERN SCOUTS--

## LONESOME CHARLEY REYNOLDS

**THE INDIANS CALLED HIM "THE WHITE HUNTER THAT NEVER FAILS"...**

BECAUSE "LONESOME" CHARLEY REYNOLDS, CHIEF GUIDE TO GENERAL CUSTER, WAS THE BEST SHOT OF THE WEST IN THE 1870'S!

AS A SCOUT, HUNTER AND GUIDE, NO MAN WAS HIS EQUAL -- AND HE SURPASSED EVEN THE WARLIKE SIOUX IN DARING AND COURAGE!

WELL, MEN, ISN'T THERE **ANYONE** WHO'LL VOLUNTEER? IT'S 150 MILES FROM OUR POSITION IN THE BLACK HILLS TO FORT LARAMIE, AND WE MUST GET A MESSAGE THROUGH! BUT SINCE EVERY INCH OF THE GROUND WILL BE WATCHED BY THE SIOUX, I DON'T WANT TO **ORDER** ANYONE TO GO WHO'S AFRAID!

RELAX, GENERAL! I'LL GO!

BUT, CHARLEY, THIS IS A **SOLDIER'S** JOB -- AND YOU'RE JUST A CIVILIAN EMPLOYEE OF THE GOVERNMENT! I **MIGHT** CONSIDER SENDING YOU, BUT ONLY IF YOU TAKE A DETAIL OF SOLDIERS WITH YOU!

THE MORE MEN, THE MORE DANGER O' DISCOVERY! I'LL GO **ALONE!**

TRAVELING BY NIGHT, CHARLEY REYNOLDS BEGAN THE LONG JOURNEY THROUGH AN UNKNOWN COUNTRY BRISTLING WITH HOSTILE REDSKINS!

CAN'T GO TWO MILES WITHOUT PASSING SOME SIOUX CAMP! ONE WHINNY OUT OF **YOU**, HOSS, AN' FIVE HUNDRED TOMAHAWKS WILL BE COMIN' MY WAY!

BUT CHARLEY COULDN'T KEEP OUT OF SIGHT **ALL** THE TIME -- SO FOR THREE DAYS HE OUTRODE, OUTFOUGHT, AND OUTMANEUVERED COUNTLESS SCALP-HUNTING INDIANS!

IF I CAN JUST MAKE IT TO THAT BEND IN THE GORGE, I'LL DOUBLE UP ON MY TRACKS AN' LEAVE 'EM CHASIN' THIN AIR!

AND AT SUN-UP OF THE FOURTH DAY, CHARLEY APPEARED AT THE GATES OF LARAMIE, HIS THROAT AND TONGUE SWOLLEN TO SUCH AN EXTENT FROM THE INTENSE HEAT AND LACK OF WATER THAT HE WAS UNABLE TO SPEAK A WORD!

BUT HE DIDN'T HAVE TO -- FOR HE HAD DELIVERED CUSTER'S DISPATCH BY MEANS OF DEEDS THAT SPOKE FAR MORE ELOQUENTLY THAN WORDS EVER COULD!

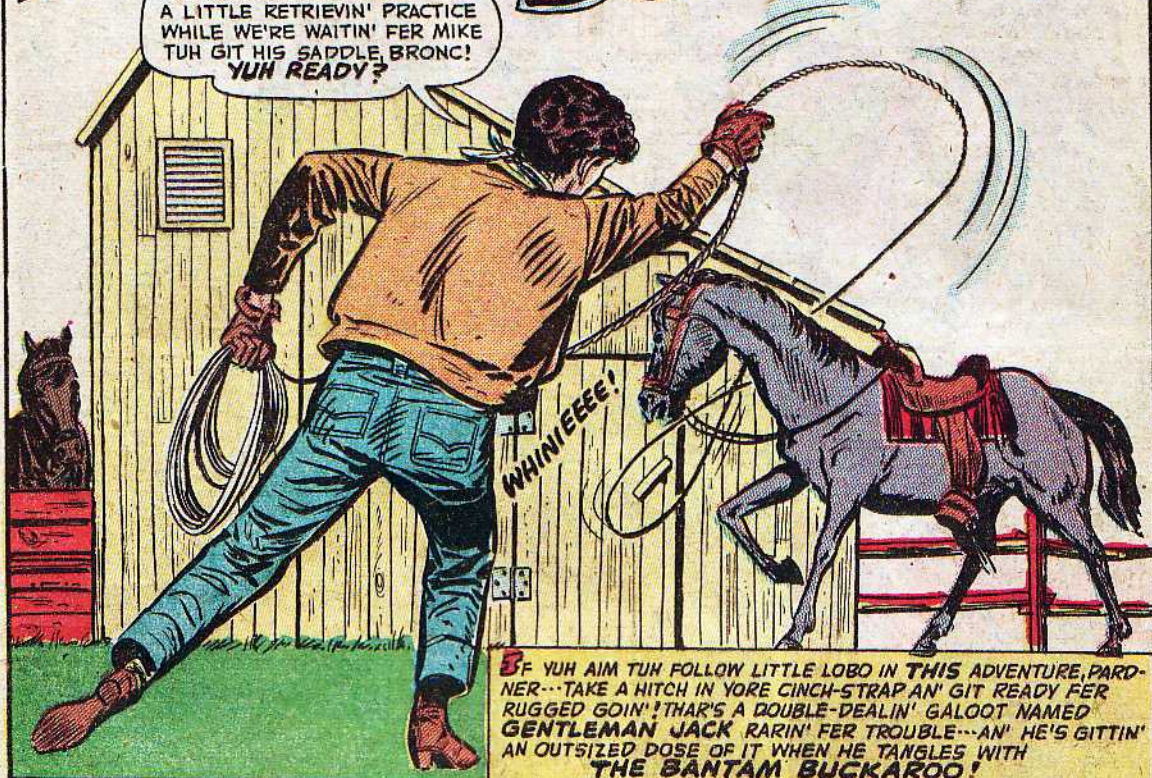
OPEN THE GATES -- IT LOOKS LIKE CUSTER'S SCOUT! **HOW IN TARNATION DID HE GET THROUGH?**

THE END



# BANTAM BUCKAROO

RECKON WE KIN HAVE  
A LITTLE RETRIEVIN' PRACTICE  
WHILE WE'RE WAITIN' FER MIKE  
TUH GIT HIS SADDLE BRONC!  
YUH READY?



**IF YUH AIM TUH FOLLOW LITTLE LOBO IN THIS ADVENTURE, PARTNER...TAKE A HITCH IN YORE CINCH-STRAP AN' GIT READY FER RUGGED GOIN'! THAR'S A DOUBLE-DEALIN' GALOOT NAMED GENTLEMAN JACK RARIN' FER TROUBLE...AN' HE'S GITTIN' AN OUTSIZED DOSE OF IT WHEN HE TANGLES WITH THE BANTAM BUCKAROO!**



**LOBO'S WHIZZING ROPE SETTLES OVER THE HANDLE OF THE BARN-DOOR...AND AS THE BRONC YANKS AT THE ROPE...**



BUST MUH  
BUTTONS...  
WHAT KIND  
O' INFUNNEL  
HIGH-JINKS  
ARE YUH  
UP TUH NOW,  
LOBO?

WAL, MIKE...  
SOMETIMES I  
GIT MUH ROPE  
SNAGGED AROUND  
A STUMP OR A  
ROCK...AN' I'VE  
TRAINED MUH  
BRONC TUH  
FETCH IT FER  
ME!







O' COURSE, I **COULD** STAY IN THE SADDLE AN' RIDE AFTER THE ROPE **MUHSELF**... BUT THAR'S NO TRICK TUH **THAT!**

LOBO, I SHORE HOPE YUH RUN OUT O' TRICKS BEFORE I RUN OUT O' **LINIMENT!**



WHAR WE HEADIN', MIKE?

THAR'S FOUR WADDIES CAMPIN' JEST OUTSIDE TOWN, AN' ONE OF 'EM --- **GENTLEMAN JACK**... CLAIMS TUH BE THE BEST DEAD SHOT WEST O' THE ROCKIES, BAR NONE! HE'S BEEN OUTSHOOTIN' **EVERY-ONE**... CLEANIN' UP A PASSEL O' MONEY ON BETS --- AN' I AIM TUH DO SOMETHIN' ABOUT IT!



YESSIR, LOBO... I LEARNED TUH CHUCK LEAD WITH A NAVY MODEL SIX-GUN THAT COULD BLAST DOWN A COW SHED --- AN' I'M FIXIN' TUH BEAT GENTLEMAN JACK WITH ONE EYE SHUT!

**YIPEEE!** I SHORE BET YUH KIN, MIKE!



**A HALF-HOUR LATER...**

THAR HE IS, LOBO --- **GENTLEMAN JACK!**

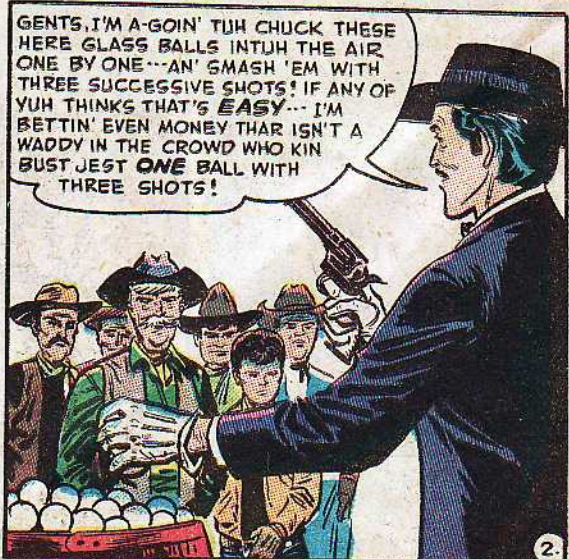


NICE CROWD OUT THAR, JACK! RECKON WE'LL CLEAN UP **GOOD!**

YEP... THEY'RE **WAITIN'** TUH GIT TRIMMED! COWPOKES DON'T GEN'RALLY HAVE MUCH USE FER GAMBLIN'... BUT THAR'S ONE THING THEY **WILL** BET ON --- **THEIR SHOOTIN' EYE!**



IT SHORE MAKES **THIS** GAME A HEAP MORE PROFITABLE THAN **BANK ROBBERY**. WE'VE TAKEN IN NEAR A THOUSAND DOLLARS DURIN' THE PAST FEW DAYS --- AN' ALL WE GOT FROM OUR LAST BANK JOB WAS A SACK O' SMALL CHANGE! WAL... LET'S WHOOP UP A FEW BETS!



GENTS, I'M A-GOIN' TUH CHUCK THESE HERE GLASS BALLS INTUH THE AIR ONE BY ONE --- AN' SMASH 'EM WITH THREE SUCCESSIVE SHOTS! IF ANY OF YUH THINKS THAT'S **EASY**... I'M BETTIN' EVEN MONEY THAR ISN'T A WADDY IN THE CROWD WHO KIN BUST JEST **ONE** BALL WITH THREE SHOTS!





CRIMPERS, MIKE  
... **THAT'S**  
SHOOTIN'!

**HUMPH!**

**SPLANG!**



NOW I AIM TUH  
SAVE BULLETS!  
GIT AN EYEFUL O'  
**THIS!**...I'LL  
BUST **TWO** BALLS  
WITH **ONE**  
SHOT!

**SPLANG!**

**SPLANG!**



I DON'T EXPECT  
YUH WADDIES TUH  
TOP **THAT!** ANY-  
ONE HANKERIN'  
TUH BET HE KIN  
HIT A BALL **ONCE**  
IN **THREE**  
**TRIES?**

I'LL LET YUH  
OFF **EASY**,  
STRANGER...  
AN' DO IT  
**WITHOUT**  
TAKIN' YORE  
MONEY!



GIT AWAY FROM  
THAT TENT, BRONG!  
YUH'RE NOT S'POSED  
TUH FETCH **EVERY**  
ROPE YUH SEE...  
JEST THE ONES  
I **TELL** YUH  
TUH GIT!



WAL, I'LL BE SWITCHED!  
THAR'S A MELTIN' POT  
...A BAR O' LEAD...AN'  
A MOLD FER MAKIN'  
**BIRDSHOT!**



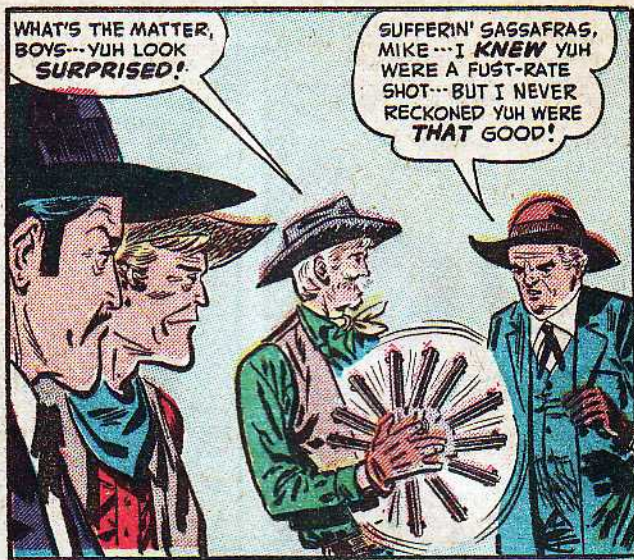
YEP...GENTLEMAN JACK IS  
FIRIN' **SCATTER SHOT!**  
WITH TEN OR TWELVE LEAD  
PELLETS IN EACH BULLET  
...NO **WONDER** HE CAN'T  
MISS! MIKE'S GITTIN'  
READY TUH FIRE...AN'  
HERE'S MUH CHANCE  
TUH TURN THE TABLES  
ON THOSE BUZZARDS!



RECKON A FEW PEBBLES  
IN MUH SLING SHOT SHOULD  
EVEN UP THE COMPETITION!

IF I **REALLY** WANTED  
TUH STRUT, BOYS, I'D  
BREAK THIS HERE OBJECT  
INTUH **EQUAL PARTS**  
...BUT I DON'T HANKER  
TUH STRAIN MUHSELF!  
**WATCH!**









GENTLEMAN JACK'S THREE WADDIES ARE FIXIN' TUH GANG UP ON MIKE! **HERE'S A ROPE YUH KIN FETCH, BRONC... GIT MOVIN'!**



**ON THE NEXT INSTANT... AS THE ROPE SETTLES OVER GENTLEMAN JACK'S SHOULDERS...**



**LEGGO! I KIN LICK FOUR O' THAT KIND BEFORE BREAK-FAST!**

**AN' YUH TELL ME TUH KEEP OUT O' RUCKUSES!**

WE'D BETTER MOSEY! IF GENTLEMAN JACK STARTS SLAPPIN' LEATHER... MIKE WON'T STAND A CHANCE AGAINST THAT **SCATTER SHOT!**



**AS MIKE AND LOBO RIDE OFF...**

WAL... I RECKON OL' MIKE HARNEY PUT A SPOKE INTUH YORE WHEEL **THAT** TIME, GENTLEMEN JACK!

**GOOD THING LOBO DIDN'T GIT RILED! THAR'S A CHILD O' CALAMITY YUH'D BETTER STAY AWAY FROM!**

I'VE GOT TUH ADMIT MY AIM'S A MITE RUSTY NOWA-DAYS, LOBO! FER REAL, BUSINESS-LIKE SHOOTIN'... YUH SHOULD'VE SEEN ME BACK IN THE DAYS WHEN I TANGLED WITH THE ARAPAHO INJUNS!

WITH MIKE SO PLUMB PROUD O' HIS SHOOTIN'... I JEST **CAN'T** LET ON THAT I HELPED HIM WITH MUH SLING SHOT! I WON'T SAY NARY A WORD ABOUT GENTLEMAN JACK'S LEAD PELLETS... **BUT I'M GOIN' TUH KEEP MUH EYE ON THEM VARMINTS!**



**NEXT MORNING...**

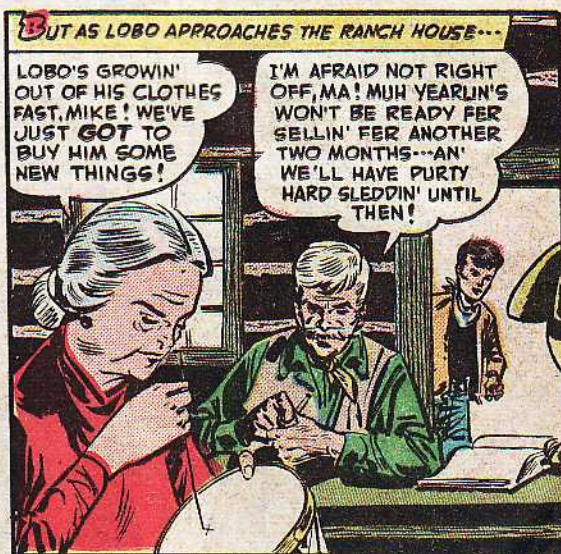
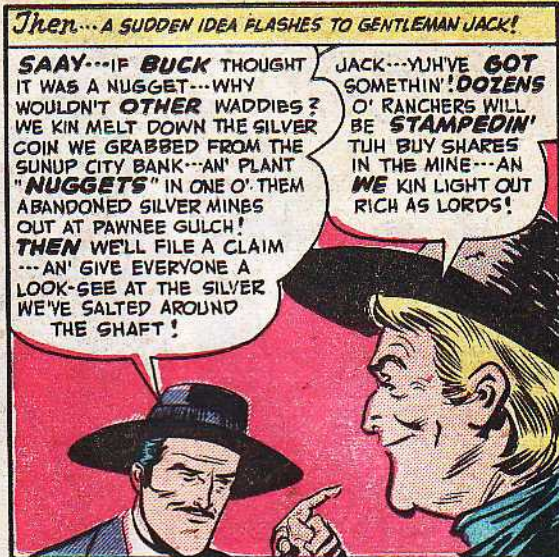
SHOOTIN' BIRDSHOT WAS A SLICK SCHEME... BUT NOW EVERY WADDY IN TOWN IS WAITIN' FER A CHANCE TUH BET ON MIKE HARNEY! RECKON WE'LL HAVE TUH WORK OUT A **NEW SWINDLE!**

JACK... HERE'S A **SILVER NUGGET!** CRIMPIN' COVOTES... **THAR'S A FORTUNE** RIGHT UNDER OUR FEET!



SHORE ENOUGH... IT **IS** SILVER! WHAR'D YUH FIND IT... **PARDNER?**









THEY RODE OFF CLOSELY  
BUNCHED---LEAVIN' A PURTY  
CLEAR TRAIL! BRONC---  
YOU AN' ME ARE DOIN'  
SOME VARMINT-  
HUNTIN'!



AN HOUR LATER---AS LOBO REACHES PAWNEE GULCH---

LITTLE LOBO---AN'  
HE'S SNIFFIN' AROUND  
JEST LIKE HE SUS-  
PECTED SOMETHIN'!  
WAL---THIS IS ONE  
SETUP THAT 'MEDDLIN'  
HALF-PINT ISN'T GOIN'  
TUH QUEER?



EASY, BRONC! IF  
GENTLEMAN JACK  
TOOK THE TROUBLE  
TUH POST A LOOK-  
OUT---THAR'S  
PLENTY GOIN'  
ON INSIDE THAT  
MINE TUNNEL!



I CAN'T GIT A ROPE  
AROUND HIM WITH  
JEST THE TOP OF  
HIS HEAD SHOWIN'  
---BUT THAR'S  
SOMETHIN' I  
KIN DO!



AS THE OUTLAW RAISES HIS  
RIFLE FOR ANOTHER SHOT---



RECKON THAT'LL  
DRIVE ANY IDEE O'  
TROUBLE OUT  
O' YORE HEAD,  
MISTER!



NOW, BRONC---LET'S  
AMBLE IN CAREFUL-LIKE  
---AN' SEE WHAT GENTLE-  
MAN JACK'S SCHEMIN'  
UP THIS TIME!



**A** ABOUT A HUNDRED FEET INSIDE THE SHAFT---

THAR'S NO CHANCE  
O' SQUEEZIN' YUH  
PAST THIS ORE  
CAR, BRONC!  
RECKON I'LL  
HAVE TUH LEAVE  
YUH HERE!



THAR'S A LIGHT JEST  
AROUND THAT CURVE!  
CRIMPIN' COYOTIES...  
I HOPE I DON'T LOSE  
MUH FOOTIN' ON  
THESE TIES!



**A** MOMENT LATER---

THESE MELTED COINS  
SHORE **DO** LOOK LIKE  
NUGGETS, JACK! I KEEP  
GITTIN' FOOLED BY  
THE ONES YUH'VE  
PLANTED!

WAIT...  
WHAT'S  
THAT?

OOOPS!



IMAGINE MEETIN'  
UP WITH **HIM** IN  
A DARK TUNNEL!  
**CONVENIENT,**  
**HAH?**



**BOBO** SNATCHES UP A STONE---AND  
IN THE NEXT SECOND---

HE'S GOT NOWHAR  
TUH HIDE! BLAST  
AWAY, ALL OF YUH  
---HE WON'T  
GIT FIFTY  
FEET!

WOOSH!



I HAVEN'T A GHOST OF  
A CHANCE TUH REACH  
MUH BRONC! AN' IF I  
WANT TUH SEE HIM  
AG'IN---I'D BETTER  
THINK O' **SOMETHIN'**  
MIGHTY FAST!

BANG!  
BANG!

Z-ZZZIP!

ZING!



I DON'T SAVVY WHAT  
HE'S FIXIN' TUH DO  
WITH THE ROPE... BUT  
YUH KIN BET HE DON'T  
GIT TUH CUT ANY SHINES  
**THIS TIME!**

BANG!

BANG!









# DISHIN' IT OUT!

"G'WAN . . . git away from here, yuh buzzards!" The range echoed with the angry shouts of Eph Barrows as he tried to drive the hovering cow-punchers away from the chuck wagon. "I finished dishin' out the grub fer tonight," he yelled. "Yuh done all the eatin', yuh're gonna do in one day as long as I'm cook in this camp! Yuh're all gettin' plumb fat—soft as heifers!"

Buzz, the boss wrangler, tried to keep his voice innocent as he said, "But Cookie, muh belly's empty . . . muh insides feel like they're fallin' out! Yore chow ain't fit fer a starvin' coyote! An' when it comes tuh dishin' it out, yuh act like it was made o' gold nuggets!"

Eph exploded like a mad Brahma bull at a rodeo. "That does it! If I wuz twenty years younger, I'd brace yuh fer that . . . an' gun yuh down! An' blast yuh, it *still* ain't too late tuh teach yuh some manners!"

The cowhands all fled from Eph in mock fright as he tugged his old six-shooter out from under his apron. "Git, yuh buzzards—yuh're not gittin' any of that grub I allus keep aroun' fer an emergency! Git, afore I plug yuh all!"

"Don't shoot, don't shoot!" the men begged, trying to stifle their laughter—all of them aware that Eph was afraid of guns and never dared put bullets in his ancient Colt.

*Crack! Crack! Crack!* Three shots rang out, bullets spattering into the dirt around the chuck wagon. Buzz went down, gripping his shoulder. The cowhands all stared in amazement at Eph, who was looking down in bewilderment at the gun he hadn't fired. Suddenly, the air was split with the thunder of hooves and the shouts of the men riding furiously down on the camp.

"Eph didn't fire—it's Bull Benton an' his gang o' rustlers!" one of the men yelled.

"Head fer the hosses," Buzz shouted. "We're outnumbered—we'll have tuh git back tuh town for help!"

It wasn't till half way to town that the men finally realized that old Eph was missing; "Now I remember," Buzz said. "Just afore we got away, I heard one o' the rustlers yellin' fer someone tuh grab the cook!"

"Yeah, I heard it too," one of the other men said. "He said he hadn't had a square meal in a week, an' he was *starvin'*! But I thought Eph got away with us!"

Buzz swore under his breath. "Let's git tuh the sheriff an' git back there—fast! An' let's pray we ain't too late tuh save the cattle—an' pore Cookie! If they hurt that ole waddie, I'll—" Buzz went on swearing.

On the way back, riding ahead of the sheriff and the posse, the cowhands whipped up their broncs, spurring them on as fast as they could go. All of them were praying that they wouldn't find Eph strung up to the nearest tree. Suddenly, on the rise overlooking the camp, Buzz pulled back sharp, hand up. There wasn't a sound from the camp. "Is it too late?" the sheriff whispered.

Everyone held his breath, straining his ears. And suddenly, there *was* a sound—a *snore*! The posse dismounted and made cautiously for the chuck wagon—and there, lying stretched out on the ground, was the entire gang of rustlers—*asleep*! *ASLEEP*! And there was old Eph, standing over them with a rifle, grinning.

"They're sleepin' off the biggest, heaviest meal o' the century," Eph said. "I tole yuh that slop . . . er . . . *grub* would come in handy in an emergency some day! Now who says I can't dish it out?"



**BOYS!  
GIRLS!**

**HURRY!** BE THE FIRST TO GO  
ROARING BY WITH A WONDERFUL

**CHUGGA-  
MOTA!**

SOUNDS LIKE A  
**REAL MOTORCYCLE**

CHUGGA  
CHUGGA  
CHUGGA  
**CHUGGA!**  
CHUGGA



ONLY **20¢**

WITH TWO FRONT COVERS  
OF SMITH BROTHERS  
**WILD CHERRY**  
COUGH DROP BOXES

Here's how it works. You'll be the envy of every kid in the neighborhood when you go ripping and roaring down the street with your Smith Brothers' CHUGGA-MOTA! Looks like a real two-cylinder motor. Nothing ever before made with this special motor sound chamber. Sturdy, colorful. You just fasten it onto the rear wheel of your bike—or the front wheel of a tricycle—and the faster you pedal, the louder it roars! Play speed cop, or army messenger. Have wonderful parades. Get several! They make dandy birthday presents, too!



ONLY **5¢**

**JEEPERS! THESE  
WILD CHERRY COUGH DROPS  
ARE THE BEST THINGS  
I EVER TASTED!**

**HERE'S ALL YOU DO**

To get your own wonderful roaring CHUGGA-MOTA... print your name and address on any little slip of paper. Put it in an envelope along with 20¢, and the front covers from two boxes of Smith Brothers Wild Cherry Cough Drops—and mail to:

SMITH BROTHERS  
P. O. Box No. 121  
New York 46, N. Y.

**HURRY!** While supply lasts!



# Hunting the BUFFALO



**THE INDIANS OF THE WEST WERE MASTERS AT THE ART OF HUNTING BUFFALO!** THE DARING, SKILLFUL BRAVES SLAUGHTERED VAST HERDS MERELY BY USING THE BOW AND ARROW AND THE PRIMITIVE LANCE...AND THEIR VARIED TECHNIQUES ARE WONDERFUL EXAMPLES OF THEIR WILY CUNNING!

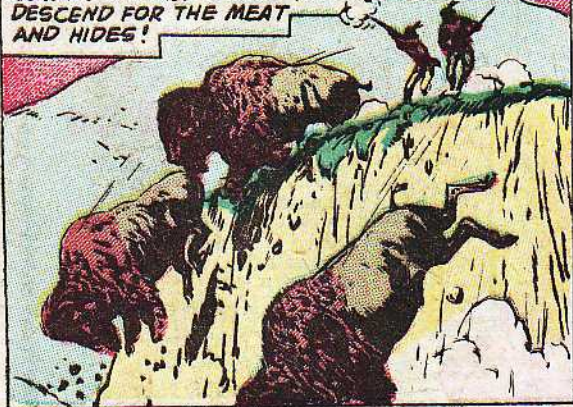
**THE OLDEST HUNTING METHOD WAS CALLED THE "SUR-ROUND"...**THE BRAVES WOULD FORM A LARGE CIRCLE AROUND A HERD OF BUFFALO, AND THEN WOULD CLOSE IN, YELLING AND FORCING THE ANIMALS TO RUN IN A CIRCLE! WHEN THE BUFFS WERE TIGHTLY PACKED, THE SLAUGHTER WOULD BEGIN!



**ANOTHER METHOD INVOLVED THE BUILDING OF A TRAP...**MADE OF LOGS, BRUSH, AND ROCKS, PILED SIX TO EIGHT FEET HIGH! IF CRUDE DECOYS WERE PLACED NEAR THE ENTRANCE OF THE TRAP, THE UNWARY BUFFALO WOULD RUSH IN... TO THEIR DEATH!



**SOME OF THE TRIBES USED THE EASIEST METHOD OF ALL--DRIVING THE BUFFALO OVER A CLIFF!** THE MEN WOULD THEN DESCEND FOR THE MEAT AND HIDES!



**BUT THE MOST DIFFICULT AND DANGEROUS METHOD WAS THAT OF "RUNNING"!**A HUNTER, ASTRIDE A WELL-TRAINED HORSE, WOULD RUN ALONG WITH THE HERD AND FIRE ARROWS INTO SIX OR MORE BUFFALO DURING A SINGLE CHASE! IT TOOK A GOOD HORSEMAN TO REMAIN IN THE SADDLE AND GET ANOTHER ARROW READY WHILE LETTING HIS HORSE RUN UNGUIDED IN THE MIDST OF A THUNDERING HERD!







**SPECIAL**

### 3 BALL POINT PENS

WHITE METAL... SPRING STEEL  
CLIPS ELECTROPLATED  
WITH GOLD

**only \$1.00**  
FOR ALL THREE

YOUR OWN NAME...  
OR A FRIEND'S NAME... ON  
EACH PEN OR PENCIL FOR ONLY  
10¢ EACH ADDITIONAL. FIRST  
NAME, OR INITIALS, AND LAST NAME.

**ORDER NOW!... ENCLOSE \$1.00  
MONEY BACK GUARANTEE**

Durable gold finish resists wear. Special spring steel clip retains strong grip. Generous ink cartridge in pen insures long writing. Pencil takes standard leads... extra leads supplied with pencil. Guaranteed against mechanical failure for one year. Ideal for gifts... for personal use.

**THE ROBERTS CO.**  
655 South Wells St. Chicago 7, Illinois

Please rush me the following:

- ☐ Gold finish pen & pencil sets  
☐ Set of three white metal pens, with gold finish clips.

Print the following names on Pens & Pencils.

Name.....  
Address.....  
City..... Zone No..... State.....

**Broadcast over  
Your own Radio  
with this New  
RADIO MIKE**



Fits Any Radio  
Easily  
Attached

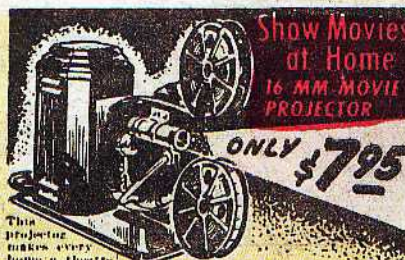
**Only  
\$1.49**



Now sing and talk through your own radio! Your voice comes out of your radio just like a regular broadcast. Break in on regular programs with announcements, songs, broadcast news, put on your own shows. It sounds just like you were broadcasting from a studio. You'll gain poise and experience. It's fun at parties, meetings, etc. Astound your friends. Precision-engineered. Press-to-talk switch on mike. Easy-to-follow instructions for installing. You can attach Mike to any radio.

**SEND NO MONEY** Just send name and address. When your amazing Radio Mike arrives pay postman only \$1.49 plus C.O.D. postage. **SAVE MONEY!** Enclose cash with order and we pay postage.

HOLLISTER-WHITE COMPANY, DEPT. 846 3700 W. Roosevelt Rd., Chicago 24, Illinois



**Show Movies  
at Home  
16 MM. MOVIE  
PROJECTOR**

**ONLY \$7.95**

This projector makes every home a theatre! Show the movies you want—when you want them. Put on shows—have loads of fun! Simple enough for a child to operate—accurate enough for the whole family to enjoy. Ideal for club meetings, parties, etc. This movie projector is hand-operated. SAFE! 100-foot film capacity. Gives excellent reproduction of 16 MM film. You can use a regular home-type electric light bulb. Wide choice of film available.

**SEND NO MONEY** Just send your name and address. When this 16 MM Movie Projector arrives pay postman only \$7.95 plus C.O.D. postage. **SAVE MONEY!** Send cash with order and we pay postage. **ORDER YOURS TODAY.**

HOLLISTER-WHITE COMPANY, DEPT. 848  
3700 W. Roosevelt Rd., Chicago 24, Illinois

**GENUINE  
MILITARY Wrist Watch**

Complete with  
Expansion  
Band



**\$6.95**

**LIMITED SUPPLY. ORDER TODAY!** Here it is! The Wrist Watch Bargain of the year! Not \$15... not \$10... but NOW only \$6.95! But you'll have to hurry. The supply is limited at this amazing low price. Precision-built, split-second time-keeper. Radius hands and numerals make watch easy to read in the dark. Rained crystal will not break. Sweep around hand. Smartly styled stainless steel case will not corrode. Has water protected shock absorber. This watch has a handsome stainless steel expansion band that will fit any size wrist. Order No. 380.

**SEND NO MONEY** Just send name and address. When watch arrives pay postman only \$6.95 plus postage or enclose \$6.95 and we pay postage. **Get in on this wonderful wrist watch bargain. Order TODAY!**

HOLLISTER-WHITE COMPANY, DEPT. 846  
3700 W. Roosevelt Rd., Chicago 24, Illinois



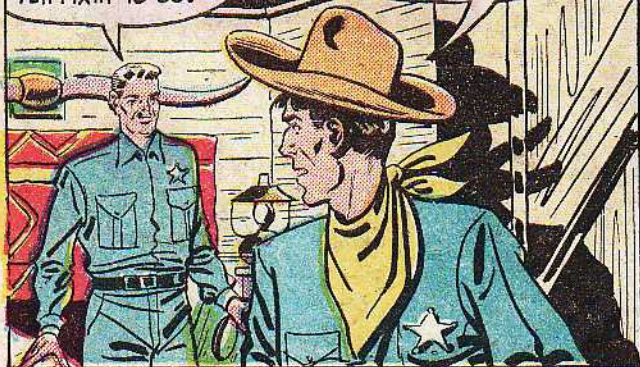
# TEXAS TIM, RANGER

LIKE A FLAMING COMET ACROSS THE WESTERN SKY, **TEXAS TIM BRENNAN**-- FIGHTING RANGER-- SWEEPED ACROSS THE HILLS AND PLAINS OF TEXAS, HIS FLASHING FISTS AND BLAZING GUNS DEALING OUT SWIFT JUSTICE TO ALL LAWBREAKERS! BUT THERE CAME A DAY WHEN THE RANGER FOUND **HIMSELF** BEHIND BARS, STRIPPED OF HIS GUNS... AND FORCED TO MATCH BRONZE ARROWS AGAINST A BRUTAL KILLER'S DEADLY BULLETS!



WAL, YUH SHORE DESERVE THIS VACATION, TIM! AN' SINCE THINGS ARE KINDA QUIET AROUND HERE -- THANKS TO YOU -- I RECKON I KIN SPARE YUH! WHERE YUH FIXIN' TO GO?

OVER TUH THE PANHANDLE TUH LOOK UP MUH DAD'S OLD FRIEND, DUSTY SAWYER --- HE AN' DAD USED TUH BE INJUN FIGHTERS TOGETHER! DUSTY MUST BE GETTIN' KINDA OLD -- HE MIGHT NEED SOME HELP!



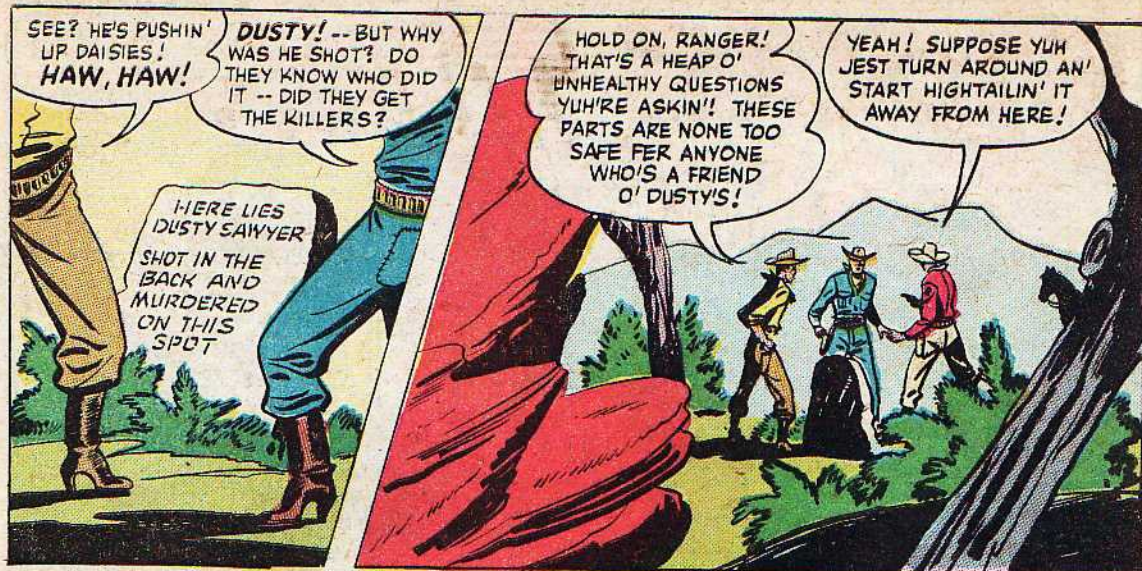
A FEW DAYS LATER, TIM APPROACHES THE TOWN CLOSEST TO DUSTY SAWYER'S RANCH...

**HOWDY! I** WONDER IF YUH GENTS KIN TELL ME WHERE I KIN FIND DUSTY SAWYER? I HEARD HE'S GOT A RANCH NEAR ---

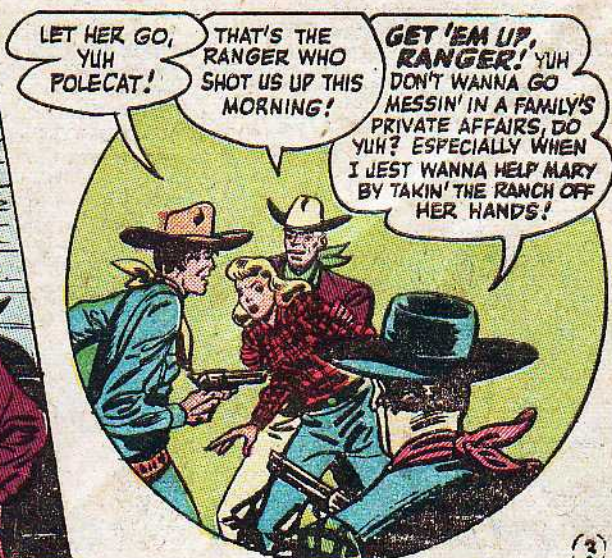
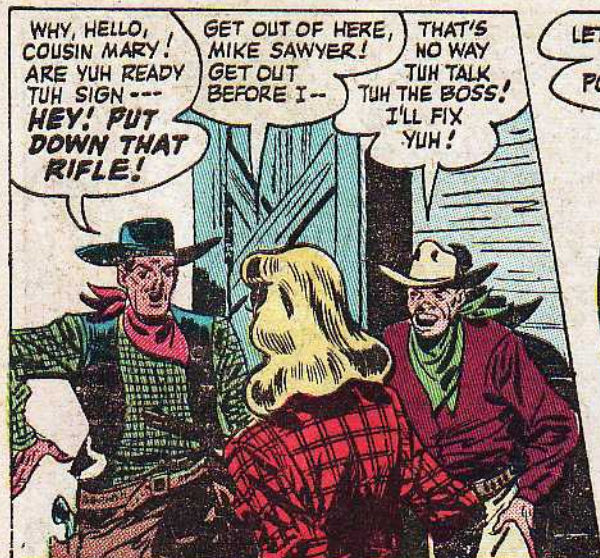
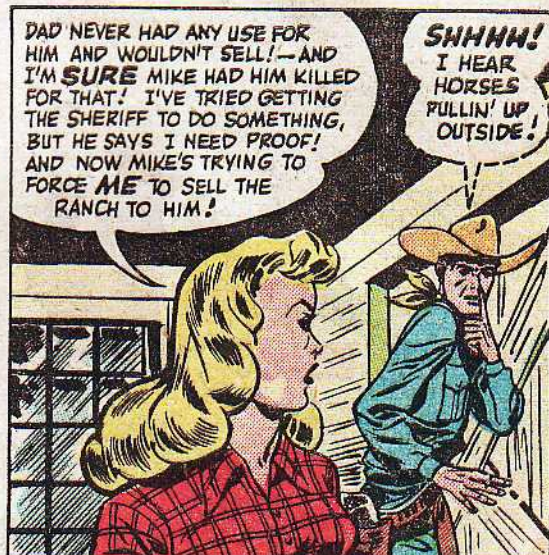
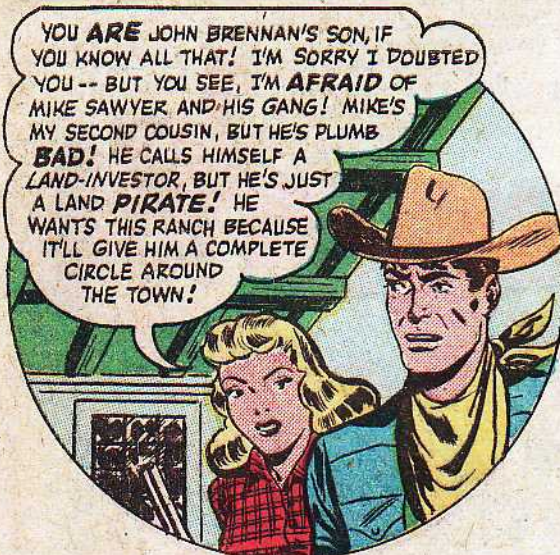
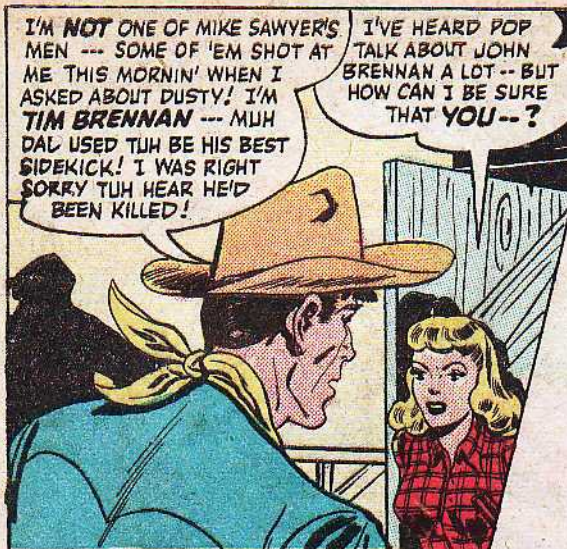
**DUSTY SAWYER?** HAW, HAW! YUH SHORE MUST BE A STRANGER IN THESE PARTS, RANGER! DUSTY'S RIGHT UP YONDER ON THAT HILL -- HE'S KINDA TAKIN' CARE O' THE FLOWERS!



















WE KILLED HIM?  
WHY, YUH LYIN'  
SIDEWINDER...!

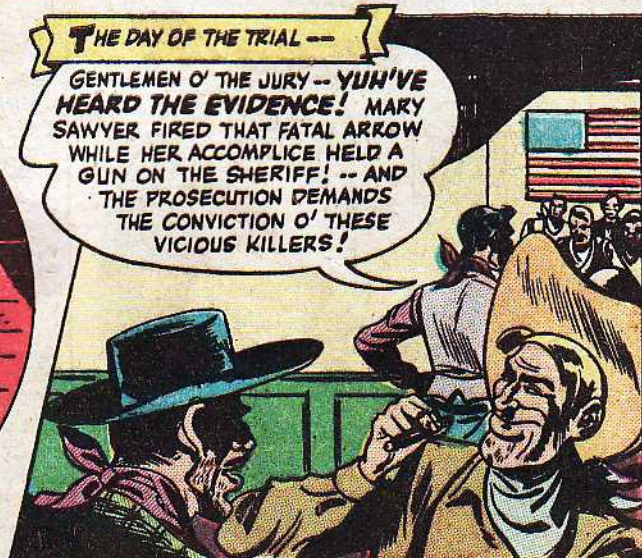
SAVE IT FER THE JURY, MISTER!  
ME AN' MUH BOYS HERE SAW MARY  
FIRE THAT ARROW FROM THE BOW--  
WHILE YUH HELD A GUN ON TH' PORE  
SHERIFF!

IT'S MUH **DUTY** TUH TESTIFY AGIN' YUH,  
MARY-- EVEN THOUGH YUH ARE MUH KIN! BUT  
THERE'D BE AN AIRTIGHT CASE AGIN' YUH EVEN  
IF I DIDN'T SEE YUH PULL THE JOB! EVERYONE  
IN TOWN KNOWS THAT BOW AND ARROW  
BELONGED TUH YORE DAD--AN' THAT YUH  
THREATENED THE SHERIFF FER NOT CATCHIN'  
THESE KILLERS! YUH TOOK THE LAW  
INTUH YORE OWN HANDS AND YUH  
BOTH GOTTA PAY FER IT! --  
**TAKE 'EM AWAY!**



Later...

THAT'S A NEAT TRICK SAWYER  
PULLED -- GITS US BOTH HUNG  
AN' THEN HE GITS MARY'S RANCH  
BECAUSE HE'S THE ONLY REMAININ'  
KIN! IF I COULD ONLY FIGGER  
OUT SOME SURE WAY O'  
BLOWIN' THEIR CASE SKY-  
HIGH --- **AHH!**  
I THINK I'VE  
**GOT IT!**



**THE DAY OF THE TRIAL --**

GENTLEMEN O' THE JURY -- YUH'VE  
**HEARD THE EVIDENCE!** MARY  
SAWYER FIRED THAT FATAL ARROW  
WHILE HER ACCOMPLICE HELD A  
GUN ON THE SHERIFF! -- AND  
THE PROSECUTION DEMANDS  
THE CONVICTION O' THESE  
VICIOUS KILLERS!

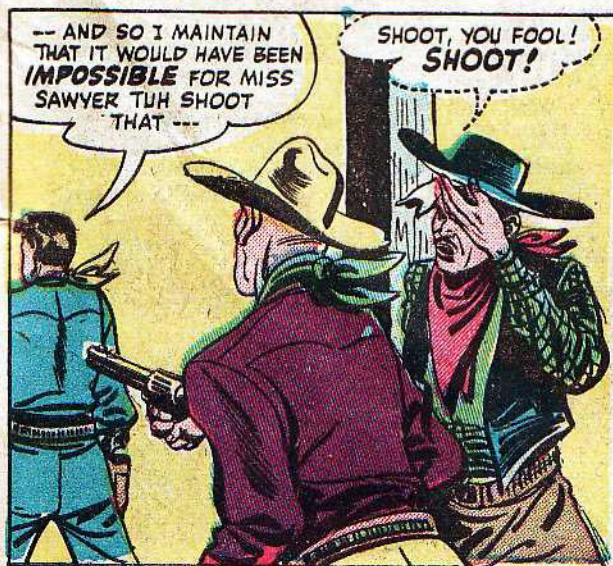


YORE HONOR, I'D LIKE PERMISSION  
TUH TRY A SIMPLE **EXPERIMENT!**  
I'D LIKE TUH ASK THE PROSECUTIN'  
ATTORNEY TUH SHOOT A SINGLE  
ARROW FROM THAT BOW  
AT THE WALL!

DON'T KNOW WHAT YUH  
GOT IN MIND, MISTER-- BUT  
I'LL OBLIGE THE CONDEMNED  
MAN'S LAST WISH ---  
**HAW, HAW! GIMME  
THAT BOW!**

G







WITH A SWIFTNESS AND ACCURACY THAT EVEN CHIEF CRAZY HORSE WOULD HAVE ENVIED, TEXAS TIM BRENNAN WIELDS AN ANCIENT WEAPON AGAINST BLAZING SIXGUNS!

YUH CHOSE YORE WEAPONS -- AN' I CHOSE MINE! ONE DOWN AN' TWO TO GO!

AAARGH!



OWWW! MUH HAND!

YEAH! AN' IT'LL BE YORE NECK NEXT... UNLESS YUH TALK -- AN' **FAST!** WHO TOLD YUH TO SHOOT ME? WHO KILLED DUSTY AN' THE SHERIFF? **QUICK!**



IT WAS MIKE SAWYER! HE KILLED DUSTY AN' THEN HE HAD THE SHERIFF KILLED 'TUH FRAME ---

WHY, YUH DIRTY---



THAT'S WHAT I WAS WAITIN' FER, SAWYER! GOIN' FER THAT GUN IS AS GOOD AS A **CONFESSION!**

OWWW!



AN' **THIS** IS A RANGER'S WAY OF SAYIN' **GOOD RIDDANCE TUH A POLECAT** --- BEFORE THE HANGMAN GETS YUH!

OOF!



**LATER...**

I-- I WISH YOU COULD STAY ON-- **TIM!**

SORRY, MARY --- A TEXAS RANGER CAN'T **EVER** STAY PUT! BUT NOW THAT YORE BOW'S WORK IS DONE, I RECKON YUH'LL SOON BE GETTIN' ANOTHER **BEAU**--- WHO'LL HELP YUH RUN YORE RANCH!



⑦ **The END**



Let's Go, Pal!  
I'll prove I can make YOU

"The Jowett System is the greatest in the world!" says R. F. Kelly, Physical Director.  
Atlantic City.

# ALL-AROUND HE-MAN

**FAST**—or it won't cost you a cent—  
says George F. Jowett—World's Greatest Body Builder



Just a Few of the Records of  
**George F. Jowett**

whom experts call the "Champion of Champions"

- World's welter weight wrestling champion at 17
- World's weight lifting champion at 19
- Reputed to have the strongest arms in the world.
- Four times winner of the world's most perfectly developed body . . . plus many, many other world records!

## PROVE IT TO YOURSELF IN ONE NIGHT

Send only 10c for my 5 easy-to-follow, picture-packed courses now in 1 complete volume "How to Become a Muscular He-Man." Try it for one night! Experience the thrilling strength that surges through your muscles.

**READ** WHAT THESE FAMOUS PUPILS SAY ABOUT JOWETT. WHY DON'T YOU FOLLOW IN THEIR FOOTSTEPS!

**A. PASSAMONT**  
Jowett-trained athlete who was named America's first prize-winner for Physical Perfection.



**REX FERRIS**  
Champion Strength Athlete of South Africa. Says he: "I owe everything to Jowett methods!" Look at this chest—then consider the value of the Jowett Courses!



## 10 DAY TRIAL!

Think of it—all five of these famous courses now in one picture-packed volume for only 10c. If you're not delighted with this famous muscle-building guide—if you don't actually FEEL results within ONE WEEK, send it back and your money will be promptly refunded!

Send for Jowett's Photo Book of Famous Strong Men!

This amazing book has guided thousands of weaklings to muscular power. Packed with photos of miracle men of might and muscle who started perhaps weaker than you are. Read the thrilling adventures of Jowett in strength that inspired his pupils to follow him. They'll show you the best way to might and muscle. Send for FREE gift book of PHOTOS OF FAMOUS STRONG MEN.

JOWETT INSTITUTE OF PHYSICAL CULTURE Dept. AM-01 230 FIFTH AVE., NEW YORK 1,

**FREE!**



**AMAZING**  
get-acquainted offer

**YOUR LAST CHANCE**  
FOR ONLY **10c**

instead of \$1.00  
for all 5 courses

HOW YOU CAN BE A **WINNER** AT ANYTHING YOU TACKLE WITH **PROGRESSIVE POWER**



DARLING, THAT BULLY WON'T PICK ON YOU AGAIN.



**BUILD A BODY YOU WILL BE PROUD OF!**

I am making a drive for thousands of new friends fast—REGARDLESS OF COST!

So Get Now My 5 (Valued at \$5 each) Muscle Building Courses  
All in 1 great complete volume **FOR ONLY 10c**

**PACKED WITH HOW-TO-DO-IT PICTURES!**

At last all 5 of Jowett's, World-Famous Muscle-Building Courses are available in one great complete volume to thousands of readers of this publication at the "get-acquainted", extremely low price of only 10c! You owe it to your country, to your family and to yourself to make yourself physically fit now! Start at once to improve your physique by following Jowett's simple, easy method of muscle building!



**FREE GIFT COUPON!**

Dept. AM-01

JOWETT INSTITUTE OF PHYSICAL CULTURE  
230 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK 1, N. Y.  
Dear George: Please send by return mail, prepaid, FREE Jowett's Photo Book of Strong Men, along with all 5 Muscle Building Courses. 1. Molding a Mighty Chest. 2. Molding a Mighty Arm. 3. Molding a Mighty Grip. 4. Molding a Mighty Back. 5. Molding Mighty Legs—Now all in One Volume "How to Become a Muscular He-Man".  
ENCLOSED FIND 10c FOR POSTAGE AND HANDLING.

NAME \_\_\_\_\_ AGE \_\_\_\_\_  
(Please Print Plainly, Include Zone Number)

ADDRESS \_\_\_\_\_ NO C.O.D.s.



Ronald

# NEW

**GET SET for**  
**Breath-taking ACTION**

This wonderful electric game is loaded with football, true-to-life action. It takes a keen knowledge of the game to win — to outsmart, outplay your man. Electric keys at each end of the playing field, send currents through a maze of wires. Lights flash the play! Yards gained or lost depend on the keys secretly pressed by you and your opponent. It's a thrill when you hit the right combination . . . go tearing through for a long run.

## JIM PRENTICE AMAZING ELECTRIC FOOTBALL

IMPORTANT  
NEW FEATURES ADD  
REALISTIC PENALTIES—  
MORE RAZZLE-DAZZLE  
MORE SWITCHES...  
MORE LIGHTS

11  
ALL STAR  
FEATURES

OUT OF MY WAY..  
JES' WATCH  
ME NOW!

WATCH ME  
DO MY  
STUFF!

**\$3** POST-PAID

**Hi BOYS!**  
ELECTRIC FOOTBALL,

besides being one humdinger of a game to play, is a most attractive article. The frame is ponderosa pine, lacquered bright yellow. The game's handsome top is coated with a special non-discoloring film that always keeps clean and shiny.

The electric switch keys are nickel-plated. Each key, when pressed, closes three circuits. No. 22 tinned copper wire is used with brass socket shells, fibre insulated. Each of the 19 connections is securely soldered by experts. The lamps (1.25 volts flashlight bulbs) are beautifully colored.

Games are 14 x 16 inches, come complete with lamps, battery, full directions. You can start playing the moment you open the box.

**THE ELECTRIC GAME CO.**  
925 Front Street, Holyoke, Mass.



**MONEY BACK GUARANTEE 5 DAYS TRIAL**

The Electric Game Co., Inc., 925 Front St., Holyoke, Mass. Amount Enclosed \$.....

- |                                             |      |                                                       |
|---------------------------------------------|------|-------------------------------------------------------|
| <input type="checkbox"/> Football, Electric | \$3. | <input type="checkbox"/> * Transformer plug-in models |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Baseball, Electric | \$3. | <input type="checkbox"/> Baseball, Super El.          |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Basketball, Elec.  | \$3. | <input type="checkbox"/> Football, Super El.          |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Flash Quiz, Elec.  | \$3. | <input type="checkbox"/> All Games Sent Postpaid      |

**C. O. D.**  
Send \$1. deposit  
Postman collects  
balance and fee.

Name .....  
Street .....  
City ..... State .....

\* Super Electric Games, size 22" x 14" x 2", wood frames with transformer and plug in cord for AC house current. Price \$10.00 postpaid.